Apple for Your Thoughts

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1073036.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types, Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom, Abel Gideon
Additional Tags:	Minor Violence, Sexual Violence, Unresolved Sexual Tension, Dream Sex, Spoilers, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Light Dom/sub, Bloodplay, Minor Character Death, Consensual Kink, Sleepwalking, Mental Health Issues, Memory Loss
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of Hannibal + Will
Collections:	Hannigram Secret Santa
Stats:	Published: 2013-12-30 Words: 4,289 Chapters: 1/1

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by Ebyru

Summary

The aftertaste of Will’s dreams lingers on his tongue up until he sees Hannibal again. Then, it becomes sour and tainted by reality. He remembers that what he’s seen isn’t what’s happening, and he can’t confide in his doctor when he’s the source of the distress.

Notes

1. for Destielixer in the Secret Santa Exchange. Prompt was: “Will has been having very vivid, steamy dreams involving Hannibal. How does he act? Will he tell Hannibal?”
2. The inspiration for this came from Jack White's song "Love Interruption."
3. SPOILERS! And canon-typical situations (blood, dreams, sleepwalking, etc).
4. Quickly beta'd by the wonderful thieving-tails on tumblr. Thank you so much!

See the end of the work for more notes

The bite of the clothespin against his nipple makes him thrust forward. It tugs and tugs, and makes his insides gargle with how much it stings; he loves every second of it. Hannibal, below on his knees, a throw cushion on the carpeted floor to keep his suit clean, looks at Will with that same blank slate expression. The only thing different is the way he has to wet his lips with his tongue before speaking.

“Not too uncomfortable, I hope?”

“No,” says Will. It doesn’t keep him from fighting the handcuffs locked against the ladder rungs. He’s not going anywhere, and that’s exactly how Hannibal wants it.

Perfectly chiseled nails scrape down Will's sides as a distraction. Another clothespin pinches his skin, right underneath the nipple that’s beginning to swell. Hannibal uses that brief moment when Will sucks in a sharp breath to push his pants down. The fabric puddles to the floor like liquid, and Hannibal slicks his mouth again as he eyes the bulge in the front of Will’s briefs.

“My, my, Will. I didn’t realize you’d be this substantial,” says Hannibal, glancing up with mischief in his dark eyes. “Shall I spoil my surprise now?”

Will shakes his head, his chest heaving.

“All right,” he agrees.

Another clothespin pinches below the other two. Hannibal drags his fingers down to make sure they won’t come loose. The wood of them burns and itches at the same time; Will can’t hold in a desperate moan. Hannibal eyes him with a feverish hunger.

“I have something else for you,” he says. His tongue darts out to caress the nipple that’s not swelling from clothespins. “Would you like to see what I bought?”

Will’s eyes flutter shut when Hannibal sinks his teeth into the nub of flesh. Trying to catch his breath that speeds through his lungs like a bullet, he nods in reply.

“Excellent,” says Hannibal, his teeth still prickling. He moves away, his eyes fixed on the display of Will in his office.

Will sucks air in through his teeth. Just from the hunger in Hannibal’s eyes, he can hear his thoughts. Vulnerability makes him weak, makes his skin shine with a nice sheen of sweat. He has too many clothes on, and Will is completely naked.

They blink, or he blinks, and then Hannibal has a leather strip draped over his shoulder. He’s spreading Will’s thighs from below, just underneath him, his perfectly pressed suit getting rumpled from kneeling on the carpet. Something about that turns Will on more than anything else.

“Have you ever experienced this before?” Hannibal asks.

“Wha—”

It’s a dark, humid morning. That’s what Will knows from habit. The curtains keep humanity from accidentally slipping in through a window. He rubs at his eyes to the point that Winston has to jump in his lap to stop him. The dreams with Hannibal have gotten worse. They linger on his skin like kidney spots: dark and impossible to cover up in the daytime.

He scrubs behind Winston’s ears before pushing him gently down. “I’m fine,” he tells him. Winston tilts his head sideways. “I swear.”

The floor is so cold when his feet touch down; he must have opened a window during his sleep again. He’d complain about his sleepwalking getting out of control, but, really, he needs to focus on one problem at a time.

Dreams. Hannibal. Sex.

But they’re interwoven like the wool sweater Alana got Winston for fall. He doesn’t put it on him, though; the other dogs will feel even more unwanted than they do now.

In the moment before waking, Will could honestly feel the smack of Hannibal’s whip against the inside of his thighs. It might explain why his awakening was such a startling one, and so sudden. Or maybe Winston had bad dreams of his own, and kicked him in the ribs like he did last week.

Before taking his phone in hand, he wipes the crust from his eyes and uses a damp towel to clean up the sticky release from his thighs – as if Hannibal can tell through the phone what he’s just been through. He clears his throat as the rings echo through on his end.

“Hello?”

Will’s voice nearly cracks. “Hello, Dr. Lecter. It’s Will Graham. I’m not feeling well enough for our session tonight after all.” He clears his throat once more. Hannibal remains silent on his end. “Is it all right if I cancel?”

“Certainly,” he says. “I hope to see you soon, whether in my office or at your home.”

Will’s skin burns a ripe red. “Thanks. Talk to you soon.”

“Goodb—”

Will hangs up before he can blurt out any realities that he’s hiding.

*

The bed encompasses both of their bodies: Will completely nude – when Hannibal stripped him slowly in the doorway – and Hannibal with only a crisp, white shirt. He unbuttoned the cuffs before he laid Will down onto his stomach.

Hannibal's kisses are searing; leaving welts all down Will's back. His challenge tonight is to not make a sound, say a word, unless it's to voice his release. It's one Will is certain to fail.

"Is there anything you don't enjoy?" asks Hannibal. His tongue caresses down the centre of Will's spine with reverence reserved for saints. "I have quite a few ideas in mind for you."

"I don't like bleeding," says Will in a gasp, as Hannibal gnaws on a shoulder blade.

"Understandable. It is a hindrance to clean." He strokes along Will's left side. "I don't intend to ruin my bedding either." His lips press against the small of Will's back. "Anything else?"

"I don't enjoy waiting," says Will, glancing slightly over his shoulder.

"Ah." Hannibal grins. "That, however, you will have to bear."

Will's mouth falls open in protest, but within the same second, everything has changed.

The bed is larger, deeper, *moving*. It shifts beneath Will's body as Hannibal slides fingers soothingly to his sides, easing inside of him a phallic, slick, warm length. On his knees now, Will clutches the headboard in distress. Like they're drifting in the middle of the ocean that's built from his pleasure. His lip is bitten through, his teeth stained red from his own blood he refused to let go of.

"I must congratulate you, Will." Hannibal pushes the plastic further inside of him and it curves against his prostate with a low hum that sounds almost human. It moves erratically. "You've been so obedient, so good. You haven't made a single sound."

Will nods, swallowing a mouthful of blood as to not spit it on the 400 thread-count sheets. He shivers when Hannibal's fingers find his entrance and prod in alongside the vibrating toy.

"You've done so well," he whispers softly. "Would you like me inside of you?"

The nod must be evident from the tightness of his ribcage - the bunching of his shoulders that forces his neck inward and a deep breath out – because Hannibal groans, takes the toy away and seats himself completely in. His manicured fingernails dig subtle crescents into Will's hips.

“Ah!” moans Will, letting go a splat of red from his mouth. It slides thickly down his chest, settling between his muscles.

Hannibal tsks from behind him. He pulls Will up against his chest, slowing his thrusts. “How disappointing.” His hand slides through the trail of Will’s blood sticking to his collarbones. “But this is an unexpected delight.” He sucks his fingers clean of the remnants, with Will watching up-close. “How delicious you are.”

Will wakes with a scream, his nails digging into his thighs to the point of blood. He wipes them on his sheets. Winston sits, disapproving in his silence, at the end of Will’s feet.

“I know, I know,” he tells him. “But I can’t cancel again. He’ll suspect something.”

Winston barks, but it sounds more like *“So?”*

Will frowns, taking his glasses from the side table. “I can’t. He’s too smart for that.”

*

In the midst of his own droning voice, Will notices Hannibal take out a leather-bound notepad and slowly slide it over to his side of the desk. He stops speaking, deciding to make eye contact so he can read whether Hannibal’s answer is a lie or not. “What’s this for?”

Hannibal twines his fingers, places them on his desk. “You said you’ve been having problems with sleepwalking and lost time. This will show us if it neurological or just stress.”

Will’s mind counts the lines, systematically trying to figure out what he’ll be doing beforehand. But he can’t. Not with Hannibal. He’s a closed book, locked with key and hidden in a library of others. He sighs. “What do you want me to do?”

“Draw a clock. Use as much of the page as you wish,” says Hannibal. He sits back in his chair, a twitch of his lips suggesting a smile may have appeared if Will were going to reciprocate – which he isn’t. “As complicated or as simple as you like.”

“Okay,” agrees Will. He brings the notebook to his lap, scribbling first the outer circle, then the hands pointed at twelve and three. Then comes the rest of the numbers that he quickly jots in around the clock. When he’s finished, he passes it back across the desk. “How did I do?”

Hannibal nods. “Well.” He puts the book in the first drawer and crosses his hands again. “I think you need to take a few days to yourself and away from the demons Jack is having you

discover. It would do your mind and body well."

"And my soul?" teases Will. "Is that part beyond repair?"

"Your soul is as pure as they come," says Hannibal. This time, he does smile; his cheekbones seeming almost as hard as diamond. "I would know better than anyone."

*

Jack - with Hannibal's insistence - gives Will a week off to catch up on sleep and play with his lonely dogs on his tiny, Wolf Trap island. The days go by quickly: a fitful of sleep, breakfast, a walk with the dogs and fishing gear repairs. Each night, the dreams with Hannibal repeat. They continue or they rewind and begin again from the night before. Though, it's the moments in between his sexual fantasies that wake him in a sweat.

Like that Tuesday night he spends shaking through a vision of Garrett Jacob Hobbs following him around every corner, knowingly steering him towards the end he wants.

There's a long corridor with lights flickering overhead. Will has only a grey t-shirt and his light blue boxers on. His feet are bare, dirty from walking without shoes for as long as it's been. Hobbs stops somewhere behind him when they reach this hall, and he points forward. His eyes are still a glazed white, the life long gone. He smiles and it makes Will feel cold all over.

Down the hall, each tile feels like ice under his toes. He wishes he had a coat or shoes. Socks at the least. When he turns back, there's no one behind him and the room he came from is gone. There is only this hall, and he has only one direction to follow. The lights keep flickering but it's easy to ignore when he feels so frozen. As he starts to shiver, his breath a white cloud of smoke when he exhales, the sound of hooves echoes down the hall.

Instinctually, Will turns around again, aware that last time Hobbs was gone. A stag with antlers wide and long, and red smoke flowing from each nostril, stares into his eyes from the corpse's previous place. It breathes raggedly, warm air hitting the bridge of Will's nose. He reels back, frightened, and skids on the tiles. They're now covered in blood. Hobbs appears once more and touches his arm, lifting him up. The stag moves forward to meet Will, but he moves back, tripping from fear over Hobbs' boots.

They both land in the blood that's less shallow and deep enough to drown in. It sticks to Will's skin, sliding down his throat. The stag watches, shaking his head up and down. His antlers move like snakes, scaling the sides of the walls.

There's nowhere for Will to escape. He wakes up.

The same happens every night, until his 'vacation' is over. He looks forward to going back to work; it gives him something else to have nightmares about. A break from Hobbs and his

whole bloody fiasco.

*

The sleepwalking gets more absurd. He ends up in the middle of the woods, feet red from snow burning them with cold. He ends up on his roof; Winston barking so loud the neighbours are able to call police in time to wake him before he walks off. He ends up underneath his bed, remembering how Georgia's hand felt when he touched it. How she understood everything he was going through; how he knew she would never kill from anger or revenge.

It's right after she's murdered – that dreaded moment as her life is finally improving and she's getting better – that Will loses chunks of time.

He is sitting on the edge of his bed, telling Winston his sex dreams are easier to handle now. That he can actually make eye contact with Hannibal without imagining his tongue sliding wet across his mouth. That they're friends now, that he trusts him, that they have a lot in common –

"Will? *Will*, are you with me?" asks Hannibal. He's touching his chin, trying to see if his eyes are clear.

"I – I don't know how I got here," he says as he returns to reality. Looking around tells him he's in Hannibal's office, on the second floor. He was looking at a book about indigenous rituals for the totem pole murderer he's trying to catch. But he doesn't know how he arrived in this spot.

It was night and now it's not. He was home and now Hannibal has a concerned look on his face that says too much and not enough.

"How often has this been happening?" he asks, stroking Will's forehead. "You have a fever. I can get you some water and acetaminophen, if you like."

Will nods, shutting the book and sliding it back into one of the rows. "I can't remember where I took this from," he admits.

"I'll set it in its place later. Come," says Hannibal, guiding Will down the steps with a hand at the small of his back. "Take a seat. I'll only be a moment."

*

The tremor begins in his fingertips, slithers up his palm and through his wrist. The fishing hook he was working on falls out of his grasp, landing softly on his living room floor. Will can't see the tilt of Winston's head, but he knows it's there. The other dogs are jogging around the front of his home; only Winston ever seems to notice when he's having an off day.

But it's not *just* off: the tremor continues to climb until it grabs his shoulders and forces them tight like metal wires, making his head throb with a pain he's never experienced. It licks up his spine and pools in his stomach, then settles like a knife behind each eye socket, forcing them closed. His lashes flutter, and he can't control it. His whole body swings back and forth like he's rocking on a boat.

Winston barks, whimpers; barks louder and scrapes his nails along Will's thighs, but it doesn't stop. His eyes close like shutters, like his curtains, keeping the world out.

Hannibal ties Will's wrists to his headboard with silk scarves. He doesn't look into his eyes; his touch suggests he's thrumming with as much nervous excitement as Will is. He ties Will's ankles to the end next, gently touching the bones where they protrude.

"Not too tight, I hope?" he asks.

"Just right," says Will.

Will remembers being dressed when this started; now, he's undressed, with only his boxers covering his erection. Hannibal licks his lips, a dark shadow hovering behind him. Will focuses on his wrists, tugs to see if he'll be able to break free if needed. He won't.

After tracing the outline of Will's body, Hannibal sits in a ball between his spread thighs. He kisses each knee, glancing up to where Will struggles against the scarves to no avail. There's no give; he can't escape this…dream.

Will gasps, looks around. He can see the blurred edges of Hannibal's room. The lack of details, the darkness, the fog clouding everything, keeping it from being tangible. This isn't *real*, and for once Will is conscious of this non-reality.

"Stop," he tells Hannibal. "Something doesn't feel right. We can't do this."

Hannibal clucks his tongue. "How else will you obtain the truth if we don't continue our sessions?" He kisses the inside of Will's thigh, fingers toying at the bottom of his boxers, sliding underneath the cotton. "Beautiful Will, you are refusing to see me. Look at *me*."

The shadow from before closes in. It devours Hannibal in shadows, turns his skin dark and bruised. All Will can make out are the whites of his ebony eyes; the way they pierce through

him. Will shouts when a shooting pain hits. There's a trickle of blood down his chest.

Looking up, his breath puffing out in frightened gasps, Will sees Hannibal has antlers. He stands, rounds the bed, meets Will on one side and leans in. His eyes are red like the blood still trickling from Will's wounded chest. He touches it, licks it from his fingers.

"You—"

"I am him," says Hannibal.

*

The steady beeps of his heart monitor are what wake him. He's connected to an IV and changed into a blue hospital gown. His glasses are on a metal tray next to his bed, along with painkillers and cherry flavoured Jell-O.

To his right, Hannibal sleeps at his bedside. His chest rises and falls, but there isn't a single sound beyond his deep breathing. His face is clear of its mask, the usual stern look that makes patients obey his advice. Will feels as though he's forgotten something drastic. Something that could change everything.

With a shift to grab his glasses, he realizes his hand is being clutched in Hannibal's. The same way he had with Abigail. It's the only thing that keeps him from pulling away and waking him from the slumber.

Will settles into his bed, staring at the ceiling. Eventually, Alana comes in with a glass of water.

"I brought some water," she says. Will doesn't miss her glance over at Hannibal still holding his hand. "He called the police when he couldn't get a hold of you. Apparently, you were late for your session."

"I guess I was," says Will. "Thanks for the water."

"No problem," she says. She looks over at Hannibal again. "Think I should wake him and take the next shift?"

"I can't really say. I have no idea what day or time it is." Will drinks down the water, sitting up slow enough not to wake Hannibal.

"I'll let him sleep then," she says. "And you've been out for a day." She touches his forehead, and he leans in to encourage her affection. "You had a seizure, Will."

*

While in the hospital, Will's dreams persist. It doesn't help that Hannibal always holds his hand to soothe him through the screams the nightmares bring on. Most of them don't make any sense: just cracked fragments of images, scenes that have a beginning, no middle, and half an end.

Hannibal leaves to buy them food, and the dreams shift to something easier to swallow.

They're in the hospital, but the sheets are red and blue. The room is a private one. Will is moaning until he's hoarse; Hannibal has been sucking him down for an hour. Despite usually being the gentlest man Will has ever met, he holds Will's wrists down against the bed to keep him from struggling.

Will croaks out in distress, his length oversensitive but getting hard again because of the lush, warm suction Hannibal is providing. Another slide of his tongue across the slit makes beads of pre-come ooze out of him. One of them is moaning louder than the other, yet Will is lost to which it is.

Dark eyes pin him to the bed when his hips try to wiggle up and away from the torment. Hannibal's tongue circles around the head, coaxing more clear fluid out. He sucks like he's starving; like Will is the only taste he needs to sustain his appetite.

"Please," begs Will, his eyes squeezed shut. "I can't – take any more."

Hannibal pants when he pulls off. "You can."

And his tongue continues to trace the veins, making them throb harder. Every drop of blood that would have otherwise gone to his brain is sent down south, filling his cock to the brim with it. Hannibal sucks harder, laps at the saliva sliding past the seam of his mouth. He doesn't breathe. His face is red, then his eyes, then his lips as he pulls away.

Will realizes it's spurting out of his cock. He wakes with a loud yell.

Hannibal still isn't around.

*

Then the blackouts start up again. He's enjoying the soufflé Hannibal prepared at home for him - and snuck in against the ER doctor's suggestion – when he's suddenly outside. He's in front of his home, still in the blue hospital gown.

It's raining so he rushes inside, no idea when or how he left the hospital. His feet are sore; he has no shoes on and his toes are red from walking. How far was he? He doesn't even remember seeing the name of the hospital.

The house is empty. Not even Winston around to give him concerned looks.

Will changes out of his clothes, trying to recall something – anything – that could help. There's a note on his living room table.

I took the dogs to a spa.

\- *Alana*

It makes him smile, briefly – until there's a knock at the door. Will pulls up a pair of jeans and throws a shirt on. He glances in a mirror to make sure there isn't mud on his cheeks or underneath his fingernails. Then, he opens the door and nearly falls backwards.

"Dr. Gideon," he says. His heart wants to rip through his chest. They would never let him out after what he's done.

"Will Graham." He looks around the darkness of Will's home. There aren't any lights on, no dogs to speak of. The only thing keeping him company are the ghosts of past cases. "I thought you might know where Dr. Bloom was. I'm looking for her."

Will's gun isn't close enough to grab, neither is his phone. He controls his breathing. "Maybe at the hospital looking for me."

"I see." Gideon smiles. "You escaped as well?"

"Not purposely," says Will, his white-knuckled grip on the door doesn't escape Gideon's attention.

"The result is the same," says Gideon. He sighs, backing up to open an umbrella. "Well, if you can't help me I'll need to find her myself." He waves goodbye as he walks down the steps.

Will has mere seconds to try and remember where he put his gun. Taking on Gideon without a weapon would end his career, his life, everything. It would be madness beyond walking home from a hospital with no shoes on.

Digging through drawers in his bedroom, the kitchen, his bathroom, he finally finds it. Something snaps as soon as he unlocks the safety. He's back outside, still no shoes on, covered in rainwater that's burning his eyes. He forgot his glasses. He's aiming the gun at someone. He doesn't know who it was he was going after anymore.

Someone…someone dangerous. Someone who wanted to hurt someone else. Someone—

"If you aren't going to kill me, at least let me open my umbrella," says Gideon. His blond hair is sticking to his face; rainwater must be burning his eyes too.

"No."

"Why not?"

Will's fingers slip against each other from the rain, and the gun goes off. Gideon and his yellow umbrella collapse in the muddy rainwater of the barren forest. That's when Will notices there's nothing but trees all around them. Not even the light of his home. He doesn't know where he is. Where they are. Why they've come here.

But there's a sound. An animal groan that makes Will's hunter instincts kick in. His bare feet follow, squelching in the dirt pushing between his toes. He runs after it as it gets louder. He swallows rainwater and chokes on it, rubs it from his eyes with the back of the gun. Looks at it, and remembers to put the safety back on.

Then he's standing in front of a large beast. A stag with antlers that mirror the trees' branches. It huffs out white air, forming a fog. Will walks towards it and follows the noise of its breathing. Through the fog, he stumbles, shoving the gun in the back of his pants. The stag makes a noise like dying. No, like *cheering*. It howls and stands up on two feet. It changes to something smaller, but no less menacing. It looks…familiar.

Will's seen this before. Some time ago. It's so dark now in this part of the woods, but the eyes glow burgundy, the whites punctuating the colour. The antlers stay, but the rest is human. It disappears and ends up in front of Will. It touches his chin.

"I am him," says the thing, shifting into something more and more human. It becomes a *him*. Becomes *Hannibal*.

Will knows the truth now, but it's too late for him to change anything.

End Notes

comments appreciated, if you have the time. :)

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